

MEDIAEVAL METHODS IN MODERN CRIME.



SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART.

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SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDING CHAPTERS.

Jasper Tyrrell, a wealthy young man, visits the court of Baya, where he meets and falls in love with Anna von Winterstein. At a court ball he and three friends, Von Lindheim, Sazlay and Durbach, walk in the palace grounds. The trio, attracted by a light in a ruined chapel, go to investigate, leaving Tyrrell alone. Before he returns to the ballroom he is met and interrogated by a mysterious stranger. Baya is mysteriously ruled by Chancellor Rallenstein, known from his singular methods as the Red Chancellor. He is planning a state marriage between the Crown Prince of Castile and the prince of a neighboring state. She, however, loves and is loved by a young officer named Herr von Lindheim. On leaving the palace after the ball Tyrrell sees the mysterious stranger holding a pistol at Von Lindheim's head. The stranger is Count Pirelli, the Chancellor's lieutenant.

Pirelli is determined to kill himself. Sazlay is challenged to a duel next day. Tyrrell is wounded and an attempt is made by Pirelli to poison Von Lindheim.

Von Lindheim tells Tyrrell that he and his two friends had seen Princess Anna and Von Lindheim secretly married at the ruined chapel and that the Red Chancellor has vowed the trio's death in order to close their mouths. He also tells Tyrrell of the death of his friend, the Count Pirelli.

Sazlay kills his opponent, Tyrrell, Sazlay and von Lindheim escape to the latter's country house.

Soon after their arrival Von Lindheim's three friends are killed. Tyrrell meets a man and a girl appearing to be an English professor and his daughter, and prepares to go on a geological trip with them.

Prof. Semmich sets Tyrrell to work collecting rock specimens at a certain spot. Tyrrell leaves his post for a few days. Lindheim craves by Tyrrell learns the professor is an impostor.

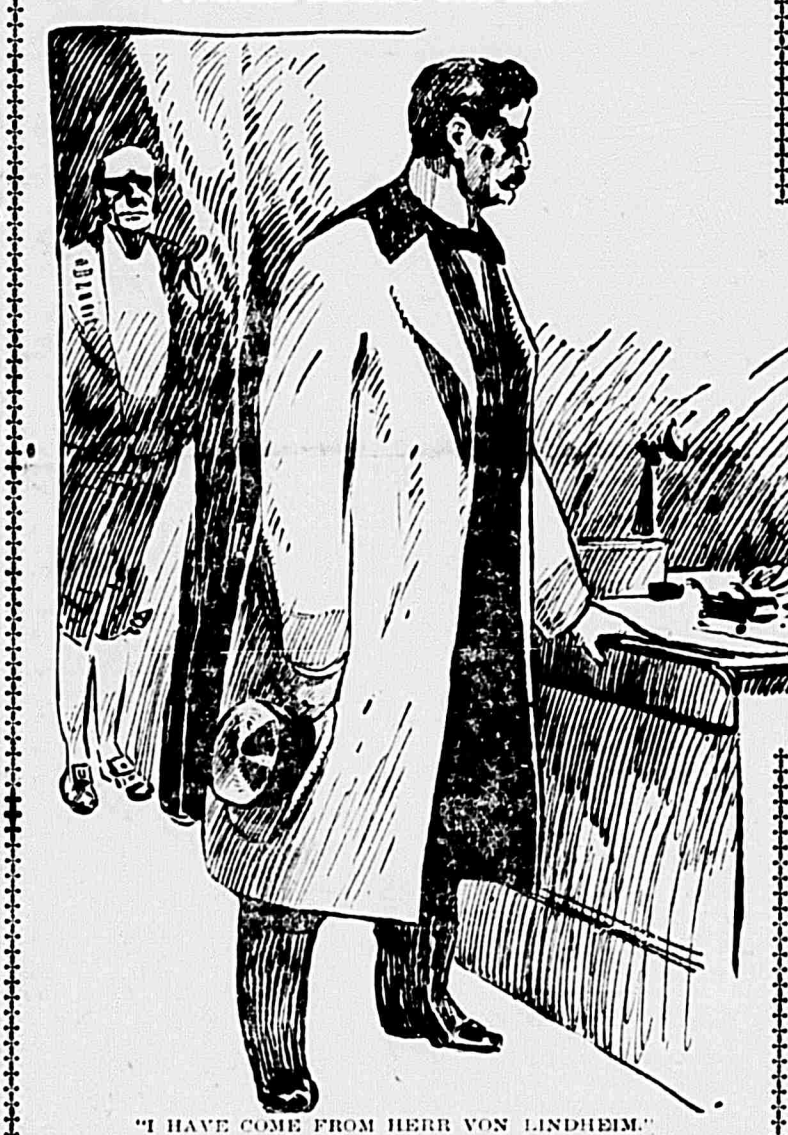
CHAPTER VII.

I BEAR THE JAGUAR.

I resolved to wait no more time, but to set out for the frontier the following morning.

That night an awful cry awoke me. I sprang out of bed, snatching up my

TYRRELL BEARDS THE LION.



"I HAVE COME FROM HERR VON LINDHEIM."

revolver. Before I could reach the door I heard von Lindheim's voice calling my name.

"Shouting 'All right!' I dashed along the passage to his room, which was divided only by a small dressing-room from Sazlay's. I met von Lindheim at the door."

"What is wrong?" I cried.

He was in a terrible state of excitement.

"Sazlay!" was all he could gasp. "Take me away before I go mad."

The poor fellow, I could see, was beside himself with something worse than fear.

A strange noise came from Sazlay's room—a horrible, inarticulate sound of a man struggling, as it were, to call out something. Thinking he was being strangled, I rushed in with my revolver ready.

To my astonishment he was alone, standing in the middle of the room, but so horribly altered that I hardly recognized him as the same man to whom I had bidden good-night a few hours before.

His face was distorted, his color changed, the sanguine, ruddy complexion being now a sickly gray, the features seemed bloated, and the eyes stared with almost maniacal terror.

The aspect of our poor friend was so appalling that the sight seemed to take all the strength from me as I stood before him under the thrill of this morose experience.

"Wouldst rather have found the room full of armed cutthroats than this containing the solitary, pitiable victim," Sazlay cried at length. "What has happened?"

As he tried to answer a spasm seemed to catch his throat. He pointed with an unnatural, mad gesture to the open window, trying to talk, but the power of enunciation had failed him—he could produce only inarticulate gibberish. He threw up his hands in despair and cried, "Dead man! Dead man!"

Then he rushed to the looking-glass. At the reflection of his face he recoiled with a scream and flung himself prone on the bed.

I went to the door and found von Lindheim outside.

"What is this fearful thing? What has happened to him?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I know no more than you," he said, in a frightened whisper. "I heard him shriek, rushed in and saw—he shuddered—'what you have seen.' Those devil have got in somehow and have done this to him."

"You saw no one?"

"No. But they will come. They are

here, Tyrrell. I am going to put a bullet through my brain. It is better than that."

"Don't be a fool," I said, and went back in the room.

Sazlay was lying as I had left him. I spoke his name, but he returned no answer, made no movement. Serving myself, I went up and lifted the outstretched arm. It was heavy and lifeless. I felt for the pulse; there was none. Then I went back to von Lindheim and told him.

"He is dead."

The jaguar, as we called the Red Chancellor, had won another trick in his game of death.

Von Lindheim could not be aroused from his lethargy of horror, so I must think for myself.

At length I hit on a plan, one whose very audacity was its only merit.

I would go to the Red Chancellor in person and demand a cessation of hostilities.

Early next morning, disregarding Von Lindheim's horrified protests, I rode to Baya and left with the British Consul a sealed envelope containing the whole story, with orders to open it in a certain length of time should I fail to return for it.

Then I rode on to the palace and demanded audience with von Rallenstein.

A little to my surprise, the Red Chancellor consented to receive me, and I entered his dread presence. He received me with a smile which might almost be called genial.

"You have been in the country, Herr Tyrrell, nicht wahr? You are looking well. Englishmen thrive best away from town life. I wondered if there was a covert meaning in that. 'Now,' the added nicety, 'how can I have the pleasure of serving you?'"

"I have come from Herr von Lindheim."

"Ah, yes." There was simply polite in-

terest in his look and tone. The heavy face gave no evil sign as I spoke the name.

"Not as an ambassador from him, but entirely on my own initiative."

"Yes," the tone was still polite, now almost veering toward boredom.

"Von Lindheim," I said, "is in fear of his thick eyebrows rose incredulously."

"In fear of his life?"

"I found his man's power of will and character, and determined to stand up against it. And with reason," I continued. "Your Excellency will, I am sure, not blame him for such a fancy when I tell you that within the last few days two colleagues of his have been secretly assassinated and his own life has been threatened."

"And yet," I rejoined boldly, "your Excellency should know these facts better than I."

"At length a great-souled swept over the middle face. 'What do you mean, sir?'"

he demanded, with a show of restrained indignation.

"Only that as both these gentlemen, these victims, had the honor to be attached to your Excellency's Bureau, you should be better informed of their fate."

"I am, naturally, well aware," he replied, "that Herr d'Urban was accidentally drowned the other day, while hunting, but, merely forced upon me, 'it can hardly be pretended that our service advantages as I figure to claim it is a confounding immortality.'"

I returned his smile. "Rather the reverse just now, Herr Chancellor. My secretary Sazlay also has died suddenly."

"You would seem to imply, sir," he replied, stroking his face with his hand, "that these attempts which you allege have a political motive."

"It is too ridiculous," he said, as though to himself. "My good sir, you have been deceived."

I leaned forward. "Excellency," I said earnestly, "can we not come to an understanding? I make no accusations, I seek to know nothing; my only desire is to clear up a misunderstanding. I ask you to remove this stain from the sidewalk upon which you have cast a shadow."

"You can do it if you will, and I can assure you you will not regret it."

"Even were this monstrous suggestion of yours in any way true, the interference of an outsider could serve no tangible end. You will do well to consider your position in the light of that com-

mon sense which, I believe, the birth-right of most Englishmen. That is all."

"I have then no comforting assurance to take Herr von Lindheim. Excellency?"

"Herr von Lindheim's life is in no more danger than your own."

A delicate pronouncement, truly! "I have no fear of that," I laughed.

"And yet," he rejoined, "if your veiled accusations were correct, you might stand in some danger yourself."

The speech was tentative, I saw that, and determined not to be led into any admission.

"I have no fear," I said, "and can take care of myself."

"You are a bold man."

"To have come here?"

He laughed. "I understood better than ever why he was called the jaguar. My confidence in coming here," I answered coolly, "is due to one thing, then the fact that I have left a letter, containing word of my intention, together with several other pertinent matters, in the hands of a friend whom I am certain will open it at a certain hour unless I am there to prevent him."

Words amounted almost to a threat, at least to a defiance, and the look he called upon into His Excellency's eyes was not a pleasant one. But he showed no other sign of annoyance, on the contrary, his next words were almost polite.

"And so far as your friend's fears are concerned," he said, "you may take him as a holiday. He is a brave man."

"I have your assurance, Excellency?"

"You have my assurance. I trust you will both be careful, and you may have half rose to return my bow, smiling, though it seemed, from my left elbow, that the smile was a mere feigned merriment and sinister. There was no more to be hoped for or said, and I left him."

As I left the palace I came face to face with the Englishman who had been waiting for me. He seemed greatly upset over something. The news she told me drove the blood from my own face and hope from my heart.

"You remember Anna von Winterstein," she asked, as we entered her house which stood near."

"Surely. What of her?"

"Have you not seen her? It was in the papers. Fraulein von Winterstein was returning after dark from an excursion

with her jewelry worth \$250. Reports of other robberies came in every few days after that and the descriptions in all cases were the same and the methods were identical."

Detective Treanor found that the thief had secured employment through Mrs. Wright's intelligence office, at Sixty-fifth street and Broadway.

On the fourth of July she was engaged by Mrs. Munroe Golden, of No. 109 West Sixty-first street. She suggested to Mrs. Golden that she go for a walk, and when Mrs. Golden returned the servant was gone and so was jewelry and wearing apparel worth \$200.

Mrs. Mary J. Doty, a widow, of No. 216 West Sixty-eighth street, was the next victim. She gave the police the same description and added that there were tattoo marks on the woman's arms.

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"TATTOOED GIRL" IN POLICE TOILS.

Was a Jewel of a Housemaid and an Expert Sneak Thief.



Cecilia Koelbe

Cecilia Koelbe, a good-looking young woman, was arraigned in the West Side Court today charged with committing many robberies in upper west side houses. She was arrested early this morning by Detective Owen E. Treanor, of the West Sixty-eighth street station.

Detective Treanor has been looking for the woman since June 25, when Mrs. Christina Cook, of No. 159 West Fifty-second street, reported that she had recently suffered the loss of a near relative, a servant who gave the name of Cecilia Smith and who had left hurriedly after working one day, taking with her jewelry worth \$250. Reports of other robberies came in every few days after that and the descriptions in all cases were the same and the methods were identical.

Detective Treanor found that the thief had secured employment through Mrs. Wright's intelligence office, at Sixty-fifth street and Broadway.

On the fourth of July she was engaged by Mrs. Munroe Golden, of No. 109 West Sixty-first street. She suggested to Mrs. Golden that she go for a walk, and when Mrs. Golden returned the servant was gone and so was jewelry and wearing apparel worth \$200.

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